

Emil. By that you would have pittie in anothers,
By your owne vertues infinite.

Hip. By valour,
By all the chaste nights I have ever pleas'd you.

Thes. These are strange Conjurings. (our dangers,

Per. Nay then Ile in too: By all our friendship Sir, by all
By all you love most, wartes; and this sweet Lady.

Emil. By that you would have trembled to deny
A blushing Maide.

Hip. By your owne eyes: By strength
In which you swore I went beyond all women,
Almost all men, and yet I yeelded *Thesens*.

Per. To crowne all this; By your most noble soule
Which cannot want due mercie, I beg first.

Hip. Next heare my prayers.

Emil. Last let me intreate Sir.

Per. For mercy.

Hip. Mercy.

Emil. Mercy on these Princes.

Thes. Ye make my faith reele: Say I felt
Compassion to'em both, how would you place it?

Emil. Vpon their lives: But with their banishments.

Thes. You are a right woman, Sister you have pittie,
But want the vnderstanding where to use it.
If you desire their lives, invent a way
Safer then banishment: Can these two live
And have the agony of love about'em,
And not kill one another? Every day
The' yd fight about you; howrely bring your honour
In publique question with their Swords; Be wise then
And here forget'em; it concernes your credit,
And my oth equally: I have said they die,
Better they fall by'th law, then one another.
Bow not my honor.

Emil. O my noble Brother,
That oth was rashly made, and in your anger,
Your reason will not hold it, if such vowes
Stand for expresse will, all the world must perish.

Beside

Beside, I have another oth, gainst yours
Of more authority, I am sure more love,
Not made in passion neither, but good heede.

Thes. What is it Sister?

Per. Vrge it home brave Lady.

Emil. That you would nev'r deny me any thing
Fit for my modest suit, and your free granting:
I tye you to your word now, if ye fall in't,

Thinke how you maim your honour;

(For now I am set a begging Sir, I am deafe
To all but your compassion) how, their lives

Might breed the ruine of my name; Opinion,
Shall any thing that loves me perish for me?

That were a cruell wisdome, doe men proyne

The straight yong Bowes that blush with thousand Blo

Because they may be rotten? O Duke *Thesens*

The goodly Mothers that have ground for these,

And all the longing Maides that ever lov'd,

If your vow stand, shall curse me and my Beauty,

And in their funerall songs, for these two Cosen

Despise my crueltie, and cry woe worth me,

Till I am nothing but the scorne of women;

For heavens sake save their lives, and banish'em.

Thes. On what conditions?

Emil. Swear'em never more

To make me their Contention, or to know me,

To tread upon thy Duke dome, and to be

Where ever they shall travel, ever strangers to one another.

Pal. Ile be cut a peeces

Before I take this oth, forget I love her?

O all ye gods dispise me then: Thy Banishment

I not mislike, so we may fairely carry

Our Swords, and cause along: else never trifle,

But take our lives: Duke, I must love and will,

And for that love, must and dare kill this Cosen

On any peece the earth has.

Thes. Will you *Arise*

Take these conditions?